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The Making of Memories.

(Religious Tract Society.)

There is one provision for old age which everybody can make. Nay, it is a provision which everybody must make, whether he will or no. The only choice left us is, shall we lay up warm scarlet and pure wool to wrap around our chilly age, or shall we find ourselves reduced to a few paltry rags?

For, as years pass on, they must leave memories of some kind with all. The only question for us is, shall those memories be good or bad,—shall they gladden or sadden us?

'The roughest bit of the road is often the pleasantest to look back upon.' I will illustrate this by an incident of a happy summer day in the Deeside Highlands. Three of us had started out for a drive over a district we did not know. We had heard of no difficulties in the way. We took what seemed to be the right road, and journeyed on snugly for a while. Presently the road grew very rough. We hesitated. Should we turn back? It seemed a pity, for we had already come so far. We persevered. Then the highway began to look suspiciously like a cart road, and we feared it might end with 'No thoroughfare.'

Seeing a little lonely church with a minister's house, we alighted and made inquiries. The minister himself hospitably came forth to reassure us. We had not taken the road in general use, but we were on a road which would bring us to our destination. He owned it was very rough farther on, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eye. Still it could be done. So we would do it.

We had not only to get out of our vehicle. We had to help our little pony, taking hold of the shafts and lifting the chaise behind. Sharp stones hurt our feet,—for we had come prepared for a comfortable drive, not for a mountain scramble. But nobody was irritable: each was helpful: we smiled in each other's faces, and joked and moralized.

Suddenly there burst upon our view a glorious vision! We were high enough to seem higher than the more distant hills,—and there they were, range upon range, patches of eternal snow glistening on one or two, all bathed in the soft light of the sinking sun! When we talk over that afternoon, do we speak of the stones and the trudging? No, we recall all as 'The adventures of our mountain-top afternoon.'

But suppose we had been cross and complaining? Suppose we had turned back when the road was at its worst? What should we then have to remember?

Is it not the same with the rough, uphilly bits of life? Taken with cheery helpfulness, and widening our experience, do they not make the most pleasantest of our memories?

On the other hand, is there anything so sad as to look back on blessings never valued, or on opportunities wilfully lost? Is it not the consciousness, that, even at our best, we have not made the most of what has been granted to us, which casts some pathetic shadow across all backward glances?

We live in a changing world. Let us do what we may to keep a firm grip on our past, yet we find it ever slipping from us. The ancient landmarks are always shifting. Every 'improvement' necessarily sweeps away the familiar scenery of somebody's life. No places can be so bitterly strange as old places can become. However stationary we may be, if we live long enough, a new world comes to us! and if we go away and stay away a while, then no returning ever brings us really back to 'our ain countrie.'

OLD MEMORIES.

'One of These Little Ones.'

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the 'Christian.')

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And 'that' cannot stop their tears.

—E. B. Browning.

It was a small room, bare and cold, wherein a delicate woman lay upon a comfortless bed. Upon her brow could be seen the pallor of approaching death. By the narrow window stood a sad-faced girl of twelve, gazing up into the clear blue sky, thinking on in strange perplexity. She had heard the children laughing as they passed along, and seen them cared for and amused. 'What made the difference for her?' she wondered. A movement of the coverlet, and she turned quickly to her mother.

'There is just a little milk left. Will you try to drink it, mother dear?'

'No, darling. You need it more than I do. I have been watching you. Oh Maggie, child, when I think of our lost home, so full of comforts and love, and of your father! Do you remember him? He was handsome and clever; but his gambling companions brought him to ruin!'

'Don't cry, there's a dear, dear mother. When I can work I will make it up, and we will be so happy.'

'Do you wonder why I weep? It is for you, my gentle, innocent girl, to see your young life darkened by want and poverty, when you are unfit for a rough, hard life. I could die without a pang, for I long for heaven and rest, but to leave 'you' amid these shadows and sorrows, which never need have been, is more than I can bear.'

The woman closed her eyes, while visions of the home of other days passed before her, and then the dark picture of trouble and distress. Maggie had heard the freely spoken opinion of the neighbors in that close environment, and a dreadful fear deepened on the poor child's heart as she stood beside her mother.

'What shall I do? The doctor said you must have something good to eat; where can I get

it? O mother dearie, are you worse? Speak, mother, tell me; I will do anything for you; are you too tired?'

She thought to listen for the words that trembled on the dry lips; and, bending near, Maggie heard: 'Until the day break—and the shadows—flee away.' A pitiful smile, a look as of committal, and the faint voice said again: 'The Lord will take you up, my own precious child.'

'Mother, mother, what is it?' cried the frightened girl—but no answer came. Stone-cold, sad and comfortless, she knew this was death.

Time moves on over the lot of the glad and happy, and over the misery untold, and Maggie saw the gruesome sight, and heard the coarse speeches of those who came to help. Her heart qualied as they spoke of the 'work-'us',' and grim dreams of lonely horror terrified her fragile being. In the room where she was taken till after the funeral, there dwelt sin-hardened women, and Maggie cried in vain. One afternoon—the first after they laid her gentle mother in the grave—she crept away and found the spot again. Crouching beside the newly-made mound the orphan shivered and suffered as only 'such' can suffer; and wept hot, bitter tears, as only such can weep; and God in heaven saw and heard.

A bright and happy home, where love and peace dwelt in every heart. Such was the house from which a Christian woman and her daughter had gone to carry flowers to a father's grave.

When Alexander Naunton went through the gates into the city of light beyond, many grieved over the loss. He was great in his position in the church and in the Sunday school; he was important in the town and as one of the aldermen; but his truest greatness was in that he possessed the Christ-like dignity that stooped to uplift the fallen, and give a brother's grasp to the hand of the poorest and coldest ones.

Among his parting words, he said to his wife and children, 'Love Christ, and all else will shape itself.'

Sometimes the widow longed to join him, and that morning, at family worship, she asked them to sing the hymn that seemed to correct these longings, and nerve for duty, and one verse lingered in her thought.

Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those wounded hearts to sing.
'Not now'; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

The quick eye of the sympathetic Gladys detected the desolate-looking child, for Maggie was slowly walking away.

'Speak to her, mother; how terribly sad she looks.'

'Indeed I will, dear,' and the loving manner of Mrs. Naunton banished all thought of fear from Maggie's mind, and with her cold hand in the stranger's, she was telling her melancholy story and answering questions.

'I haven't any one to love me now,' she said.

'Yes, my child, as long as any of Christ's "true" followers live, no one can say that, and perhaps you are the one He has sent "me" to care for.'

'Oh mother,!' whispered Gladys, with swelling heart, for she had always seen the beauty of true religion which speaks in actions, rather than words, 'is this the orphan we sang about to-day?'

'I think so, my daughter. Let us go to the people she is with and see.'

It was only the work of two house before Maggie, the homeless one, was surrounded with love and warmth in the happy home. So little she had, but each thing spoke of refinement and care.

'Poor soul, she'd known better days,' said one, in speaking of the mother who had so lately been carried out; and from Maggie's lips they guessed the cause of all the misery.

When Gladys led the orphan into the nursery after she had been washed and dressed afresh, little May, a younger sister, came to her, and beaming with interest, took the thin hand and said:—

'You shall have half my toys and books, and we'll make you ever so happy, 'cos Jesus sent you, Mo'ver says.'

That night the glistening stars shone over one Christlike home, and, sheltered in a warm bed, Maggie began a new and beautiful life.

The hand Divine that wiped away all tears from the suffering mother's face, and led the orphan to that Christian home, accepted the loving attentions bestowed on that little one as done unto Himself, and their hearts were filled with unspeakable joy.

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are passing by.
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help the fallen ones to rise
When the days are going by.

Someone.

It is sweet in the hour of sadness to know
Somebody loves you, someone is near;
It is sweet when the winds of adversity blow
And the heart is o'erladened with sorrow and woe,
Someone stands ready to comfort and cheer.
It is sweet in the hours allotted to rest
To have someone with you the home joys to share;
Someone who knows what is dearest and best
To make life a joy to the birds in the nest
And smooth out the wrinkles and kinkles of care.

—F. E. Stipp.

In Due Time.

Frederick W. Robertson used to say that never a prayer went up to God from a sincere heart, but it was sure to come back some time, some where, purified by having passed through the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few years ago, in the sun-land of the South-west, I stopped with a family from New England who had not been long in their new home in that frontier village. After tea, the good lady asked me to look at the photograph of her brother. 'Before that brother was born,' said she, 'my mother gave him to God to be a minister, moved thereto, she felt, by the Holy Spirit. After his birth she took him and gave him to God, in the presence of all the people, and she always called him her boy-minister. But he grew up so strangely wild, so careless and wicked, that father and the rest of us often laughed at mother, for my brother was really the worst in the family. He grew to young manhood; the whirlwind of war swept him away from us; he came back bronzed and strong, untouched by harm of sword or bullet—but oh! so wicked, and, worst of all, an open scoffer at things sacred or holy. Then father and the rest looked sad, but mother never gave up. She said, often, "I gave him to God to be a minister. God has heard my prayer. He will answer."

'Two years went on. Mother lay down on a sick bed to die. My brother, strangely enough, was unmoved. The last word mother said as we took her hand in parting, that summer afternoon, when the angels were coming for her, was, "Watch for God's answer. My boy will be converted. I gave him to God. God will give him back to me. He will be a minister." Then she died, without seeing any answer to her prayer, but in the faith that has comforted and sustained so many. Within three months my brother was on his knees, crying to God for mercy. Less than a year after he was studying for the ministry. He is now preaching at the First Congregational Church in ——' mentioning a certain city in Wisconsin. 'Need I tell you that brother believes in prayer, or that I do?'

And as the little family gathered about their altar that evening for prayer we read together of Christ's promises in the 7th Chapter Matthew, and then sang with quickened faith,

At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in His own time,
The Lord will provide.

Just Three Things.

'I once met a thoughtful scholar,' says Bishop Whipple, 'who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things.

'First. I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone blind.

Second. I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream.

'Third. I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teaching of the Gospel.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Wilt Thou Go?

'As My Father hath sent me, even so send I you,' John xx., 21.

Oft have we in joyful moments
  Cried, 'Lord, I will follow Thee!
"Anywhere" I'll go with Jesus—
  O'er the land, across the sea.'
Then at times quite unexpected
  He will put us to the test,
Saying, 'Rise and venture forward:
  Trust in Me, leave all the rest!

'Long enough thou here hast tarried,
  Laboring in the homeland dear,
Telling o'er and o'er the story
  (Oft, alas, in careless ear!).
Now My time has come to thrust thee
  Forth into a far-off land,
Where the millions sit in darkness,
  Perishing on every hand.

'Wilt thou go, My child, and tell these
  How I left My Father's side,
Being sent of Him, I suffered,
  For man's sins was crucified.
How I rose again triumphant
  O'er the tomb, o'er death and woe—
All that they might be forgiven
  And true joy forever know.'

'Wilt thou go?' I hear Him saying.
  'Is the sacrifice too great?'
Surely not too great for Jesus!
  Hasten, lest it be too late!
Let us show we are in earnest,
  That our words were real, not vain,
And rise up to do His bidding—
  He may never call again.

'Tell them, too, I'm coming quickly,
  When those who in Me believe
With exceeding joy and gladness
  To Myself I will receive.
Then from ev'ry land and nation
  Gathered home My Bride will be,
And presented to My Father
  His own chosen gift to me.'

—Edith B. Scholfield, in the 'Recorder.'

A Dream and What Came of It

(Kate S. Gates, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'You don't happen to know of a thoroughly straightforward, reliable young fellow who wants a good place, do you?' said Mr. Denison to his pastor, Dr. Roberts, as they walked down street together one morning.

'Esterbrook is going to leave me. He has a slight tendency to consumption, you know, and the doctor advises him to go to Colorado. His brother-in-law out there has made him a good offer, and he will go this fall.'

'If I could get just the right kind of fellow I should like to work him in with me just as I should have my own boy, if he had lived. But he must be perfectly trustworthy and willing to work, and there aren't any too many of that sort now-a-days.'

'There's that young Armstrong who comes to our church, he seems like a nice young fellow,' suggested Dr. Roberts.

'Yes, I have had my eye on him; he comes from a good Christian family, but I am half afraid that he is drifting into bad company. I have seen him round with Joe Carey several times, and you know who Joe is—lazy, extravagant and fast. I should not feel any confidence in a crony of his. Well, keep your eye out, and let me know if you see or hear of any one you think I would like.'

Richard Armstrong sat on the edge of his bed in the tiny little hall chamber of his boarding place, with his pocketbook in his hand, early one Sunday morning. 'I haven't the remotest idea why I feel obliged to open this,' he said to himself with a laugh. 'I know perfectly well that there is just one five dollar bill there, not a single penny more, and won't be until I'm paid off again next Saturday. My board is paid, but my washwoman isn't, so $2 of this isn't mine after all, as my mother looks at it. And I ought to give Deacon Fay $1 to-day for my seat in church. Therefore, according to my mother again, I have not but $2 to my name, and that racket to-morrow night calls for $5.

'To go or not to go—that is the question. Oh, yes, I know that blessed mother of mine would say there wasn't any question about it; I ought not to go. She is always right, I know she is—but she's a saint, and I'm just a healthy young fellow hankering after a jolly good time with the rest of the fellows.

'Plague take it, I wish they hadn't asked me, then I wouldn't have to decide, though that is rather a cowardly way of looking at it. What was that the minister said last Sunday, that we must have struggles in this life unless we were like useless bits of driftwood, not amounting to anything. I know I thought it a fine thing when he said it, and I meant to be very strong and come off conquerer every time, but it seems much grander to contemplate such things afar off. When you are face to face with the temptation, it seems like the only thing worth while in the world.

'I "do" want to go to-morrow night the very worst way. Now what am I going to do? I must let Carey know this noon.' Again and again Richard went over the arguments for and against the desired pleasure.

'A fellow couldn't work all the time, he actually needs recreation. If you don't accept your invitations when you have them, you will be left out soon. What harm could there be in asking Mrs. Donahue to wait a week or two for her pay, and as for the pew rent, why no end of folks hired whole pews and let the rent run for a year or two. There was no need for him to feel so terribly particular over one sitting in a back pew.'

'That is neither here nor there, Richard Armstrong,' said Conscience sharply. 'It does not excuse you in the least if everybody is behind. "You" are to do your duty whether others do theirs or not. In fact it is all the more necessary for you to be prompt if you think others will fail. As for recreation, there are plenty of ways for you to get rest and amusement without getting into debt. You know you promised your mother you would never do that unless it was a case of actual necessity—which it is not. Don't you remember she said that it was neither more nor less than stealing to use money that you owed to some one?'

There was a peculiar little flutter and rustle, and then it seemed to Richard that he heard a strange voice saying: 'I think that I ought to have something to say about it. I am almost a new five dollar bill. I went from the bank into the hands of a good man. He was not a rich man, but he gave me to a poor sick widow to help pay rent. Then a little fellow who had been working and saving for nearly a year to get a new dress for his mother's birthday present swapped his pennies and nickels off for me, I was so crisp and new. After that some one put me into the contribution box for missions, so you see I have been on good errands so far, and I must say I do not like to be misused. Besides, I happen to know that Mrs. Donahue is counting on your money to buy medicine for her sick baby—if it should die for lack of it do you think you would feel that your pleasure for an evening was worth such a price? Your pastor is waiting anxiously for quarter day, his little boys need new shoes, his little girl is home from school because her rubbers leak, and he cannot sleep nights for thinking of his unpaid grocery bill.

'Oh, yes, I know that your $1 would not go far towards meeting all those bills, but you must not fail to do your part, even if it seems too small to count much. Remember the general who charged his soldiers on the eve of battle to each fight as if the battle rested on him.

'Furthermore, from what I know of your mother, she would not want you to be in just that sort of company, I think, would she?'

'No, she would not, and I am not going, so now,' said Richard, so vehemently that it woke him up. 'Well, well,' he exclaimed, 'if I haven't been asleep, and it was only a dream after all! Never mind, my good friend, you gave me some good advice, and I am very much obliged to you. I shall not go to-morrow night—nor any other night with those fellows for that matter. I will stop and pay Mrs. Donahue on my way to church—shall I enquire for the baby, eh?—and Deacon Fay will have my pew rent to-day whether he has the others or not.'

'Young Armstrong is with me,' said Mr. Denison to his pastor as they walked down street together again a few weeks later.

'You see I happened to know that Joe Carey was trying to get him into his set, and I would not trust a fellow who went with that crowd. But I found out that Armstrong had told Joe frankly that he couldn't afford to go round with him, so I took him on trial. He is doing first rate. He has a good mother, and he means to follow her teachings. I shall give him a good chance to work up. I believe in mother boys.'

Two Old Women of Hoihow.

(Olivia Kerr McCandliss, in 'Woman's Work for Women.')

One day a quaint little old woman in Hoihow invited me into the rear building where her home, or rather ruin, is. Two-thirds of the roof had fallen in, and remaining beams looked ready to fall. The old woman and her house looked alike, and I wondered how either had stood so long in a land devastated by plague, cholera and typhoons. One side of the house afforded a partial shelter, and here were her bed, the tablets of her ancestors and the family gods. She took me with pride to see these images and told me that when the temple gong sounded for prayer, long before dawn, she was up to light fresh incense before them, and her last duty at evening was to fill each censer anew. She assured me that at night these spirits came to her dressed in gorgeous robes.

We sat down in the corner where this woman spends most of her time surrounded by her cooking utensils, little wood furnace and bundles of wood. Though 84 years old, she has no one to do anything for her and is so poor she goes out to cut brushwood for fuel. She apologized for not offering me tea, and with difficulty I dissuaded her from sending out to buy me cakes. When I asked her age, she

replied: 'There is no use in numbering my years, they have been many and full of sorrow. I am ripened fruit ready to drop. Her husband had died young, leaving a little son who grew up to twenty-two and died. I cared for my son as one cares for a tender plant,' she said, 'but they hated me in hell so they deprived me of all! Last week I went to the city god and besought him, "When may I die? I am not desirous of remaining longer in this life." But his answer was, "You repine too much."'

When one wishes to consult an idol, he goes to the temple, prostrates himself before the altar, takes a box containing about one hundred slips of bamboo, each marked with a number, shakes the box up and down, and the slip which falls out is the one chosen by the idol. This numbered bamboo stick is then taken to the keeper of the temple, who, by referring to the same number in the Book of Answers, is able to report the reply of the idol.

After I had visited the old woman many times, she asked one day, 'Shall we ever meet in the after life?' She said the thought of the terrible bridge only three inches wide and eighty-four feet long which she must cross in the dark filled her with dread. If one has done any kind of wrong, it is impossible to cross, and if one falls there are serpents, evil spirits and dogs ready to tear one in pieces. I have tried to teach her that she need not have that fear haunting her life, but as often as her face lighted up with hope, the power of her old beliefs returned. 'What would my spirit do for food if no one made offerings for me?' she would ask, 'and how can I worship your God when I cannot see Him?' When taking leave of her, I have often remembered, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.'

Contrast the devotion of this old woman to her idols, and the devotion of Bih Tao Ma to God.

She, too, is a poor widow of sixty. She came to us as a patient five or six years ago. Her lips were almost bloodless, her face and hands bloated and her skin a saffron yellow. The Chinese consider such a one as being 'done' by the devils and leave her severely alone. At the hospital she heard the message of Jesus and believed from that hour.

Bih Tao Ma supports herself by carrying and sifting lime and charcoal and by renting out her three buffalo cows for plowing. She also has a little strip of land where she raises rice and melons. The buffaloes are at once her comfort and distress. The best one will plow for a time, then start for home in spite of all that can be done. Another has a habit of running away, and the old woman spends days sometimes in searching for it, and then must pay a fee to whoever harbored it. Last Sunday it disappeared again, and the calf was sick, so the poor woman was very sad, but she said, 'I will never cease to love Jesus, even if they all die.'

She is a dorcas in her village. Several times she has brought distressed people to the hospital, and the great desire of her heart is to see her friends and neighbors led to Christ. She told one woman who owed her several dollars that, if she would give up her idols and beleive in Christ, the debt would be forgiven. To another who said, 'What would I have to eat if I kept Sunday?' she answered, 'Come and eat with me on Sundays.'

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You Can Never Tell.

You can never tell when you send a word
  Like an arrow shot from a bow,
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
  Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
  Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
  It may carry its pain or its calm.

You can never tell when you do an act,
  Just what the result will be,
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
  Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
  In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
  And shelter the brows that toil.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do
  In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
  Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe;
  Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er track to bring you back
  Whatever went out from your mind.

—'Waif.

True to His Faith.

(Ida T. Thurston, in 'Young People's Weekly.')

A missionary who was in Peking during the memorable siege tells of a little lad of twelve who, amid the horrors of the Boxer uprising, proved himself of the true martyr spirit.

When the mission schools were closed and the pupils sent away, the father of this boy took him and his little sister to the house of a Chinaman who was his cousin, and begged that the children might stay there for a while. 'Just until I can go to the missionaries and see if they will take the children in—they'll be safer there than at home,' he pleaded.

At first the cousin absolutely refused. 'No! no!' he protested, 'I can't do it. The Boxers may be here any time, and they'll ask the boy if he is a Christian. He'll say 'Yes'—you know he will—and then they'll kill him and the girl; but they won't stop there. They'll kill me and my children, too, because I've sheltered Christians.'

However, the father's prayers and pleadings finally prevailed, and the man reluctantly agreed to keep the children a little while.

'But you must hurry!' he urged. 'I can't keep them long, anyhow.'

Thankful for even so much the anxious father hastened away; but no sooner was he gone than the Chinaman said sternly to the boy: 'Now, see here, when the Boxers come and ask you if you are a Christian you've got to say "No." Do you understand?'

The poor little fellow was shaking with terror, but he looked up into the stern face above him and answered steadily: 'I can't do that. I am a Christian, and a Christian may not lie.'

'But you must, boy; you must say "No." If you don't, you'll be killed—you and your sister both; and I and my children will be killed, too, just because of you. You must say "No" to save all our lives. Tell me that you will say "No!"' the man cried.

Tears were rolling down the boy's pale cheeks, and he caught his little sister's hand, held it fast, but he did not waver.

'I can't. A Christian cannot lie,' he sobbed out.

For a moment the man stood, his face dark with mingled fear and anger as he stared at the dauntless little figure before him. He saw that the boy would not yield, and he tried another way.

'Well, then, this you can do,' he said, catching up a stick of incense and holding it out to the boy. 'When the Boxers come you need not speak at all; but just light this and hold it up before the Joss yonder,' pointing to the idol in the corner. 'Think!' His voice rose sharp and shrill. 'If you don't we must die. We must all die just for you.'

The boy's lips quivered and his fingers tightened on the tiny hand he held, as he heard his sister's frightened sobbing at his side; but once again he answered, his voice low and broken: 'It would be worshipping an idol—that I cannot do.'

Then the man flung open the door, tore the boy roughly from his sister's clinging grasp, and thrust him out into the night.

'Go, then, go!' he shouted. 'You shall not stay here to bring death upon us all.'

The door slammed behind him and the little Christian stood alone in the darkness, at the mercy of the dreaded Boxers, who, he knew too well, were hunting and shouting their savage war-cry: 'Kill; kill! kill!'

The little fellow crouched on the doorstep, afraid to go elsewhere. 'Oh, if father would only come!' he sobbed, his ears strained in deadly terror of the coming savage hordes.

But the man that closed the door was not heartless. Presently he opened it a crack and peered out. Seeing the little trembling figure on the step he whispered hoarsely, 'Will you say "No"?'

Silently the boy shook his head, and again the door was shut and once more he was alone in the night shadows. Half an hour, an eternity it seemed to him—had passed, when again the door was opened and the old question flung at him: 'Will you promise now?'

'Oh, I can't: I can't!' wailed the boy. It seemed as if his heart would break; almost he felt as if his Lord had forsaken him when for the third time the door was shut. But all the while his Lord was working for him; working by his Spirit on the heart of the man who knew Him not.

Yet once again the door was opened, and for a moment the man stood looking in sheer wonder at the forlorn little figure huddled at his feet. Then suddenly he stooped and caught the boy's arm.

'Come in, then; come in,' he said. 'After all, you are my cousin's son, and I must save you if I can.'

He drew the boy within, and—may it not be that God's angel kept watch and ward over the house that sheltered his loyal little disciple? At any rate, before the Boxers came the children's father returned and carried them to the Compound, where the missionaries had promised to receive them.

Only a litle lad of twelve, but one of God's heroes, the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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Life is Brief.

(Horatius Bonar.)

'Tis not for us to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All should be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one, have we—
Our only one;
How sacred should that one life be!
That narrow span
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

How They Missed the Blessing

(Sara Virginia Du Bois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The three girls strolled out over the broad expanse of lawn and threw themselves lazily beneath the shade of an elm tree.

'It's ideal, Isabelle, simply ideal, and I'm glad we decided to come here. It is just rustic enough to make us feel free of the conventionalities of society, and yet near enough to civilized life to feel its great heart throbbing when in the mood for it. But, dear me, Helen, what is this that we hear?'

'A church bell, my dear girlie. You remember that quaint little church building, do you not? We passed it on our way here yesterday. I think it must be about five squares from the Strand.'

A slight flush covered Isabelle's face as she continued:

'I had really forgotten for the moment that it was the Sabbath, I, a professing Christian. Judging from the distance we shall have to cover and the time it will take us to brush up our toilets, we shall not have any spare moments to loiter, girls,'

'Isabelle!' both girls cried, as with one voice, 'you are not thinking of going to church this morning?'

'Why not? Is there any reasonable excuse that I could present for being absent?'

'But its August, Isabelle, my friend.'

'Yes, I know it is August, but I have never yet found my Scripture passage that would warrant me from absenting myself from service during that month. My version does not read, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together except in August. Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God, except in August." No, there is no available excuse that I could render to my Master for absenting myself this morning.'

'We will await your return here,' said Iva. 'I've not your conscientious scruples, and since the groves were God's first temples, ours may be the fullest measure of blessing.'

Fifteen minutes later a slim figure stepped out from the cottage and waved a farewell to the girls.

'What a dear little girl she is!' said Helen, 'and how good and true in all that she does! But she never makes her religion obtrusive nor sets herself to be better than the rest of us. But somehow she is different, we all acknowledge it; there is a certain restfulness and peace about her nature that the rest of us do not seem to possess. I wonder why it is?'

Isabelle walked briskly along the almost deserted road, directing her footsteps to the little church which she could plainly see nestling among the trees. 'How could I have forgotten,' she said, quietly, 'when my life has such manifold blessings for which to render thanks? I hope I am not late. Father says it is the duty of every Christian to make it his business never to disturb the religion of others. I'll slip in as quietly as I can.'

She was not late, and the little scattered congregation gazed at her half inquiringly as though unused to having strangers in their midst. The cultured girl seated herself and gazed at the quaint little church with evident interest. But almost the next instant a stranger was saying to her, 'Our organist is absent, and there is no one here to fill her place; could I ask the favor of you?'

She gave a smiling consent and followed the stranger to the organ loft. When the opening hymn was announced, her sweet contralto joined in the words, and more than one wondered at the beauty and melody of her voice:

'I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thy abode,' etc.

There was no questioning the intensity of the words—she loved His kingdom with a love which left no doubt in her mind or that of others.

It was a comforting service throughout, and the sermon seemed to carry more weight and importance than usual to the eager young listener. 'Now ye are the bodies of Christ and members in particular.' What a personal religion it became, and how important every deed and action when viewed in such light! The bodies of Christ fit temples for His image. The beauty of it all rose up before her and appalled her in its magnitude. Perhaps she had done wrong in not insisting that her young friends come with her. The blessing received was so full and great that she was eager to share it. And they were not there to receive it.

More than one thanked her later for the service she had rendered; and when she retraced her steps at the close of the service, she had promised to come again in the afternoon to instruct a class of young boys whose teacher was also absent.

'Well, Isabelle, back again, eh?' said Iva. 'Was it what you had expected? Upon my word, you look as if you had received a tenfold blessing. Your face is fairly aglow with happiness. Do tell us what has happened, dear.'

'Oh, girls, I have received such a blessing! It is not often that I have been made to realize as this morning the importance of Christian living. We represent in our bodies the living Christ. When I think of it, I am both humbled and exalted. Oh, Helen, if only you and Iva had gone with me!'

'I wish we had,' said Helen, who had risen from her lounging position and was gazing earnestly at her friend. 'We might have gone just as well as not, and by staying away we failed to receive the blessing. I have wondered, dear, why your religion meant more to you than to some of us, but now I know the reason why. We absent ourselves from His sanctuary, but you go and receive the full measure of reward. Next Sabbath we worship with you, Isabelle.'

'There is no reason why you should wait till next Sabbath. I am going to the Bible school this afternoon, and teachers are needed there. Suppose you go with me and share the work?'

And they did. It was five o'clock when the three girls seated themselves on the cottage porch.

'How very busy and happy we have been,' said Iva. 'I shall never make the plea again that there is nothing to do. Think of fretting over the narrowness of environments when numberless branches of Christian endeavor await us. If we have desires after usefulness we will find glorious outlets in a perpetual round of service for the Master.'

'Yes, it is beautiful,' said Isabelle, 'and it is a sacred privilege, for He has said, "Whosoever will not hearken to My words, I will require it of him."'

A Roman Boy's Birthday.

It is doubtful if there was ever a prouder boy than Publius Septimius Antonius Geta on his eleventh birthday, when he drove to the race course in a gilded chariot, with two magnificent black horses, all his own. He had reason to be proud, for it was not the lot of many boys to have the march of a victorious army halted, that their birthdays may be celebrated with military games.

The fiery steeds pranced and curveted. The heavy, unsteady chariot, as clumsy as it was magnificent, rocked from side to side. A hundred hands were ready to take the reins should the emperor's young son give the nod; but, though his arms seemed almost pulled from their sockets, and his footing shifted with the swaying chariot, he would not give up. Boys were expected to be hardy and fearless in those days. Young Geta had already been two years with his father in the army, sleeping uncomplainingly ,if need be, on the bare ground, eating anything or nothing, seeing sights which our bravest men could hardly bear. He was a frank and friendly little fellow, whose greatest pride was to endure all the hardships that the Roman soldiers suffered. What wonder that the whole army loved him, and that the emperor, Septimius Severus, preferred him to his sullen elder brother, Caracalla!

When the brilliant cortege reached the amphitheatre where the games were to be held, Geta was placed in the seat of honor at the right hand of the emperor, and a happier face than his never looked down upon an assembled audience. At the left, with a brow as black with anger as Geta's was bright with happiness, sat the older son, Caracalla, whose heart was full of bitterness at this honor paid to his brother.

It was a little provincial town. The amphitheatre did not begin to compare with the wonderful Coliseum at Rome, but the citizens had made great effort to adorn it suitably for the emperor. The place reserved for his train was hung with the richest draperies the time produced, but it was not as far removed from the seats of the common people as was most fitting to the Roman ideas of etiquette. Caracalla scowled as he took his purple-draped seat; for the people—the vulgar herd, as he called them contemptuously—were so near that he could have touched them with his hand.

Geta, with shining face, watched every movement of the wrestlers. Caracalla looked idly about with eyes of disdain. At last the climax seemed to have come. The whole amphitheatre was silent in breathless interest; even Caracalla began to show some faint sign of attention. One combatant after another had been downed by one stalwart Roman soldier, who now challenged the world. Just at that moment a luckless slave child from a tier of seats above Caracalla's left hand leaned too far over, lost his balance and fell, and, clutching wildly at emptiness, to save himself somehow, struck the emperor's heir full in the face.

Oh, what an angry Caracalla started up from the purple seat and, with scowls and fierce imprecations, ordered that the unlucky child who had unintentionally insulted him should at once be put to death!

It was common punishment for such an of-

fence. The emperor and his sons were sacred. No one touched them unbidden save at penalty of death. But the little lad who had unwittingly offended was so small and innocent! He scarcely comprehended it all, and was more shaken by the fall than by his impending doom, only realizing that some danger was near, and that every one was looking upon him in anger. Geta's face alone was friendly and pitiful. The little slave boy slipped from the soldier's grasp and flung himself down at the feet of the emperor's younger son, clinging to his robe.

Reaching gently down, Geta caught the little praying hands into his own. 'Father,' he said, 'this is my birthday. I have a right to a boon. I ask for the life of this boy.'

But the stern emperor's face wore no look of consent. 'It is impossible, my son,' he said. 'Ask it no more. It is as impossible as that yonder Roman soldier in the area should be overcome by one of these barbarian Thracians.'

But Geta, with the small curly head of the slave child between his knees, looked anxiously to the arena. Any delay was to be welcomed. 'Wait, father; only wait till the games are finished,' he begged. 'Let the boy stay safe with me till the games are over. Then, if a Roman soldier is still the victor, I will give him up.'

The emperor looked at his favorite son. It was hard to deny him. He made a sign to the soldiers who had dragged the child before him, and the swords were sheathed. Once more every eye was fixed upon the arena, and, behold across it came stalking the tallest barbarian that Rome had ever seen, a giant rudely clothed in skins, who besought an opportunity to wrestle with the champion.

'My son,' said the emperor—and though he spoke to Geta, his eyes were fixed upon scowling Caracalla—'art thou ready to risk this cause on the strength of this Thracian giant?'

'Yes, oh, yes,' cried Geta; and Caracalla, sure that no Roman soldier could be overcome by a barbarian, muttered a sullen assent.

Once more the trumpet sounded, and the long line of fresh combatants marched across the arena, and bowed themselves before the emperor. Head and shoulders high above the other towered the form of the Thracian giant Maximin, and even when he knelt he was as tall on his knees as the soldiers standing about him.

'I challenge all beholders. Come and wrestle with the power of Rome and learn how she lays her enemies low,' cried the champion. One after another advanced and received his fall, but Maximin stood leaning against a pillar with downcast eyes.

'He is afraid,' sneered Caracalla.

Then the herald, at a word from the challenger, advanced and announced that all who feared might withdraw from the contest. Maximin walked carelessly forward to the champion, the jeering crowd saw him make a slight motion, and the Roman soldier lay stretched at his feet. Seventeen times in quick succession the Thracian giant wrestled with a Roman soldier, and seventeen times was easily victorious.

The life of the child at Geta's feet was saved.

'This giant shall straightway go into my army,' said the emperor, and the Thracian left the arena, himself a soldier of Rome.

Years afterwards, when merry Geta had long been dead, this Thracian giant did overcome the power of Rome, and became himself the emperor. But that is a story which you will have to look for in your history.—'St. Nicholas.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Working Out the Golden Rule

A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy-chair,
A turning of the window-blind
That all may feel the air,
An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head,—
Oh, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

—'Waif.'

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times.')

(Continued.)

It was a few days after when Man'el was busy scraping the steaming carcase of a pig that Zacchy came upon him.

'Aw, Man'el, my dear man, if you did but understand! Such chances as you do throw away for want of understandin'!'

'What is it?' cried Man'el, looking up frightened and wondering what he had done

'Hog's puddens!' grunted Zacchy—'that'll fetch 'em! There isn't a bait for a woman that do come near to hog's puddens, not in my experience.'

'And you're terribly experienced too, Zacchy. How do 'ee use it?' And Man'el asked as if doubtful it was to be taken inwardly or to be rubbed in like lotion.

'Aw, dear, dear,' groaned the professor of the most delicate of arts. 'Can't you see? For a present, to be sure; that's how I always began with them, and it never failed—not once. Wrapped up in a white cloth, and be sure 'tis clean—women have got eyes like a hawk for so much as a speck of dirt. Then you lay it in a basket all so neat and pretty as can be, and you put in alongside a bit of Boy's love and a few Sweet Williamses, and a little note pinned to the cloth with your name upon it—Zachariah. Be sure to put your name writ out full length—'tis terrible solemn and impressive-like as if you meant it—and you got to be fine and careful about the spellin', which is the advantage of Scripture names, 'cause you can copy it out of the Bible—With Zachariah Tregeare's Compliments.'

'Aw, my dear life,' groaned Man'el, ''tis terrible difficult, and when you don't know who to send them to and all.'

'Iss, 'tis the fetchinest thing if you only do it right,' Zacchy went on, heedless of the interruption, 'and 'tis a pretty gift, too, if you come for to think about it, is flowers and hog's puddens—something delicate upon top like a dream, so to speak, and something solid and substantial underneath. There's a moral to it and what I do call a emblem of the affections.'

'But I can't think of nobody,' said Man'el, as he bent over his work.

'Well, I've a-gived my mind to it,' said the professor.

Man'el looked up and waited. But Zacchy felt that a prolonged pause would add impressiveness to his words and lend a sense of greatness to his efforts.

'Who is it, then?' said Man'el at last.

'I've been all over the parish in my mind for to find a likely missis for 'ee, Man'el.'

'But you have not a-spoke to anybody, have 'ee?' gasped Man'el.

'What are 'ee thinking about, stupid?'

'I didn't know,' said Man'el; 'you have had so much experience.'

'Well, I was thinking there was Miss Susan Kynance would suit 'ee.'

'She's dreadful old, isn't she?' sighed Man'el, in a disappointed tone.

'Not so old as you be, I b'lieve,' sniffed Zacchy.

Man'el started. Somehow it had never occurred to him that he was in any sense old, whatever other people might be.

'Well, to be sure! I s'pose she isn't neither—but she do look it.'

'So do you, Man'el, only you can't see it. Better a steady and thrifty female mindin' her work than a flighty maid that is all over the place, or 'tis so to my thinking, anyhow.' And Zacchy spoke as one whose superior judgment has been questioned.

'Iss, Zacchy, of course, of course; what with the cows to milk, and the butter to make and the fowls to feed, and the victuals to cook, and the pigs to see to, and a man to look after, it would take her all her time, wouldn't it?'

'She's a thrifty woman and have put by a bravish lump too.'

'Well, Miss Susan is a woman I do respect,' said Man'el.

'Respect,' cried Zacchy, with a snort—'what's the good of that! You've got to love her or nothin'.'

'Aw,' said Man'el, hopelessly.

'Iss, 'tis love or nothin'.'

'How do you know when you get it then, Zacchy?'

'Know?' cried Zacchy—'know! How do you know when you got a ragin' fever upon 'ee consumin' your vitals day and night?'

Man'el stopped and gasped. 'It isn't like that, is it?'

'You'll know right enough when you got it, and so will everybody else, for all you think you're a-keepin' it all to yourself.'

Poor Man'el was alarmed. 'Do it affect your appetite, Zacchy? I'm a terrible hand for my meals.'

'Well, that's a good sign for love,' said Zacchy, 'when you do play with your vittles and forget they'm there.'

'Then I'm feared I must give it up. I couldn't go without my vittles not for nobody livin',' and Man'el shook his head.

'And you do lie awake by night thinkin' about her?' Zacchy went on regardless of Man'el's feelings.

'I couldn't do it, Zacchy—I couldn't come to it. I do sleep all night and never so much as turn till daylight. It isn't no good.'

'Well, that is love, Man'el. And it do make anybody that quick to see what a woman do want that 'tis like as if you'd been trained to it all your days. And it do teach a man such pretty ways o' doing things that you don't hardly know yourself.'

'I'm a terrible awkward chap, sighed Man'el, 'and I may as well give it up to once.'

'Iss, love is a wonderful smartener to a man, love is—'tis like the sun to a garden bed.'

'There isn't no chance for me,' said Man'el and he finished his scraping. 'You haven't spoke to nobody, have 'ee?'

'No, of course not. But it will come if you give yourself fair play, bless 'ee; it will come, love will, like flowers out of a hedgerow, and bloom upon a thorn bush, give 'em a bit of sunshine and a breath of south wind. And that's what a woman do bring to a man. You set you mind upon it, Man'el, and think about her till I do see 'ee again.' And Zacchy went his way.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

THE GEESE CAME ON VERY GRAVELY.

The Band and the Geese.

The band was walking round the field making as much noise as it could.

'Hold up your heads,' said Captain Ned, 'and walk straight like real soldiers.'

'Oh, just look at the geese!' cried little May; 'they are walking like soldiers too!'

And so they were; over the little bridge they came in a line, holding their heads up straight.

'Then they shall be the soldiers and we will be the band,' said Ned. 'We will play while they march.'

The geese came on very gravely, but when Ned began to beat his drum and Tom to blow his trumpet, they ran away as fast as they could!

'Ah!' said Ned, 'true soldiers never run away!'—'Our Little Dots.'

A Bird That Sews.

Would you not like to see it doing it? But as that is impossible, since the little tailor is in India, Africa, or Australia, the best I can do is to bring the pretty spectacle before your mind's eye.

Imagine, then, that you are in India, which, with the Indian Archipelago, is the home of the genus 'orthotomus,' or tailor bird.

You have retired to the grateful shade of a grove of strange foreign trees, figs, palms, and mangoes; all round you stretch fields of rice, dotted with the white turbans of the husbandmen; the buzz of myriads of insects rises and falls like the waves of the sea washing a distant strand.

A succession of loud, not very sweet notes, breaks in on the monotone, and a little brown and black bird runs nimbly out of the long grass, and, seeing you, stops to reconnoitre. He is not in the least shy, for his kind like best to haunt cultivated regions, and consequently are accustomed to man's presence. He cocks his bright eye enquiringly at you for a minute, then resumes his wonderfully smooth, quick run, tilting his long, slender tail over his back in a very comical manner.

Another halt, this time to inspect a lance-leaved plant. Snip! goes his sharp beak, and one of the leaves falls; he plants a claw on it and strips the midrib, clean in a trice.

Then off he flies, the vegetable string dangling from his beak, to an adjacent fig-tree, where his mate is at work. She greets him with a cheerful note, and snaps the fibre from his beak as if she had been waiting for it ever so long, but knew how to excuse the idle ways of such a beautiful bird as her lord.

And she resumes her labor, delighted to have him perch near by and encourage her with his warbling.

My lady has selected two leaves about nine inches in length and growing from the tip of a slender bough; she is now actually sewing the edges together! Her beak is the needle, and the fibre brought by her mate is the thread. How deftly the polished spike drives tiny holes just far enough from the edge for strength, and draws the thread in and out just tightly enough for elasticity!

When the green pouch is finished, both Lord and Lady Tailor Bird will hurry off and bring down of the whitest and silkiest, reft from yonder cotton-fields and from countless nameless plants; gradually the pouch will fill up and plump out until it will not hold another beakful. Then my lady will hop in on top, and stamp down the fluff and pack it close with her breast, turning round and round till she has shaped a cavity commodious enough to hold her own small body and the eggs she immediately begins to lay.

And here is one of Nature's quiet riddles: How does she know the

exact time when the nest must be ready for the first egg?

She never makes a mistake; as soon as the nest is ready for the egg, the egg is produced.

She knows, too, that she and her brood are safe from the monkeys and snakes which fain would make a meal of them as long as her nest is hung from the tip of a slender outer branch, for there is no support for them.

There are many species belonging to the genus 'orthotomus,' all having similar habits.

There is the pinc-pinc, which builds a gourd-shaped nest of vegetable fibres, having an entrance like a spout and several knobs below it for the male bird to perch on while the female is nesting.

The color of the pinc-pinc's nest depends on the materials used. Sometimes cotton down has been the only substance at hand, and then the nest is snow-white, and presents a beautiful appearance.

The pretty little emeu wren, of Australia, builds its nest on the ground. It resembles a big ball of grass with a hole in the side; it is lined with down, feathers, and moss felted together to a texture of exquisite softness.

Space fails me, or I could tell of many relations of the tailor bird which are quite as adept sewers and weavers as he is.—Margaret B. Stuart, in 'Good Cheer.'

How Flies Brush Their Coats.

Willie, flushed and happy, had just come in from the barn, where he had been playing hide-and-seek.

'I guess my little boy needs to find a brush,' said mother, looking up from her work. For there were clinging to his pretty sailor suit bits of dry grass and seeds from the mows, and some were playing peek-a-boo in the little fellow's hair.

'O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now.'

'If flies had been playing hide-and-seek, they wouldn't allow a speck of dust to stay on their heads; they'd brush it off,' casually remarked Aunt Nan.

'Flies!' exclaimed Willie, incredulously. 'Where'd they get their brushes, I'd like to know?'

'Oh, they have them, and use them,' laughed Aunt Nan.

'Hair brushes?' questioned Willie; and his face took on a perplexed look.

'Yes; and with them they always keep themselves very clean. Have you never seen a fly rub his delicate front legs over his head?'

'Lots and lots of times,' replied Willie, quickly.

'Well,' resumed Aunt Nan, 'there are a great many hairs on the underside of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hair-brushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head, he brushes it off at once; and then he rubs his legs together, as you have probably noticed. This is so that no dust may cling to the little brushes.'

'Hurrah, Mr. Fly!' exclaimed Willie; 'I guess you needn't think you're the only one who can use a brush, even if the other fellow doesn't carry his brushes round on his feet!'

Away he ran; and, when he came back, mother said her little boy looked neat enough to be kissed.—'Sunday-School Visitor.'

The Book.

Little child, I pray you look
Upon me, your friend the Book!
I am wonderfully made;
Leaves of paper smoothly laid,
Each one printed bright and new,
Telling something good to you;
All together sewed and bound,
Neat and tidy, strong and sound.
Do not throw me here and there;
Dog's-ear not my corners fair!
Do not wet your thumb to turn
Pages; so the careless learn!
Keep me neat and bright and clean,
As you would yourself be seen;
So you'll meet a pleasant look
Always, from your friend the Book!
—Laura E. Richards, in 'More Five Minute Stories.'

Good Brother Jim.

The car remained at a standstill for so long a time that everyone wondered if something were wrong. It was soon seen, however, that a sturdy little urchin was very tenderly helping a lame child aboard, and, as the car moved on, his cheery 'good-bye' called a smile to the cripple's wan face.

The latter seated himself so that he could look out of the window, and every few minutes he waved his hand at someone on the street. The other people in the car became curious, and looking out saw a little fellow running along the sidewalk, keeping pace with them.

'Who is that?' asked a lady of the lame boy.

'Why, that is Jim!' was the proud response.

'Yes, dear; but who is Jim?'

'Why, Jim's my brother, of course!'

By this time everyone was listening and smiling in sympathy.

'Oh! I see,' said the lady; 'that's the boy who helped you on the car, But why does he not ride with you?'

'Why,' he said, 'we had only a five cent piece and Jim said I must ride. You see,' he added, after a pause, 'I can't walk well, but Jim, he can run fine!'

'See! what is this?' the lady said.

With eyes big with delight, the child caught up a five-cent piece that had miraculously appeared in the torn little cap, which lay on the seat between the lady and himself. Then, with frantic gestures, he hailed Jim, who boarded the car at the next corner.

It would be hard to say who was the happiest on that car during the remainder of the trip, but surely the boys thought that they were.—'Vick's Magazine.'

Alice and Her Dog.

(By Bernice Althouse, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Once there was a little girl whose name was Alice. She had a little dog and she thought very much of it. She would put potatoes and many other good things on a plate in a corner of the kitchen, and the dog would soon find it there.

He was allowed to come into the house, for his little mistress loved to play with him.

The dog loved his little mistress and Alice loved her pet. Everywhere she went the dog was allowed to follow.

One day Alice went uptown with the dog at her heels. She got on the wrong street, and when she did not know where she was she began to cry.

The dog barked and started back, and Alice followed him. When he came to the end of the street he turned and got on the right one. Alice patted him on his head and that night he had an extra big supper.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 5. 1905.

Esther Pleading for Her People.

Esther iv, 10—5, 3.

Golden Text.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him. —Ps. cxiv, 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 30.—Est. iv, 1-9.
Tuesday, October 31.—Est. iv, 10-15; 3.
Wednesday, November 1.—Est. i, 10-22.
Thursday, November 2.—Est. ii, 5-7; 17-23.
Friday, November 3.—Est. iv, 6-17.
Saturday, November 4.—Est. v, 1-14.
Sunday, November 5.—Est. viii, 7-17.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Book of Esther is like a mountain stream. It is transparent and swift. It runs its course in ten short chapters. Yet the little book is a mirror of the human soul. It reflects all passions and emotions. It has been described as a truly wonderful and paradoxical history, and it is affirmed that the customs and arrangements of the Persian court are vividly and correctly depicted in it. Aside then from the question of inspiration, the book commends itself to those who seek the best literature.

The fate of a race of exiles trembles in the balance held in the hand of a capricious despot. How the irreversible decree shall be reversed is the problem. In the solution the destiny of the Hebrew nation is involved and with that also the Scripture, ritual, and hope of the Messiah. On the dark background of the plot the characters of the deliverers stand like white cameos in clear-cut outline and high relief.

Mordecai, by a sign ever significant among the Jews, arrests the queen's attention; and even through the watchful cordon of a Persian seraglio, conveys to his adopted daughter the fearful news and the urgent request for mediation. That Esther hesitates enhances the heroism of her ultimate course. Life is dear to her, as it always is to a young and thoroughly healthful nature. She does not covet or court martyrdom. Yet at length, having viewed the case from every standpoint and weighed the matter thoroughly she deliberately assumes the mediatorship, exclaiming, 'If I perish, I perish.' The courage, patriotism, piety in that act is unsurpassed.

Yet even then she used the utmost tact. She drew upon all the fertile resources of her womanly wit. With no lachrymose face, nor dishevelled hair, or piercing cries did she run into the king's presence; but, every inch a queen, with dignified and womanly carriage, with completest toilet, and all the witching charm of her peerless beauty, she stood unbidden and fully conscious of her peril. Her jewelled foot pressed her grave. A score of cimeters flashed in air, and the tessellated pavement might have taken one more hue, a crimson one; but again the fickle heart of Xerxes was in the Lord's hand. He held out the golden sceptre. Esther touched it, and was safe.

This peerless drama hastens to its denouement. The queen makes no request. Instead she gives an invitation. Xerxes and Haman are the guests. Then comes a second invitation. The changeable, violent, cruel tyrant is fairly tangled in the silken meshes of the net that love has spun. Between the first and second banquets comes that indescribable significant scene in which Mordecai is lifted from the dunghill and mounted like a prince, while Haman, pride's very incarnation, is made to hold his bridle-rein. Changes of fortune are of God.

After the second banquet Haman goes to the gallows he had built for Mordecai, and the latter takes the vacant premiership. The decree of destruction can not be annulled, but it is made inoperative by a counter-decree, and the Jews have light and gladness and joy and honor.

To celebrate this glorious providential deliverance a new feast is instituted—Purim—gladdest of the whole Hebrew year.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

The Book of Esther. Mirror of soul.
Reflects human emotions and passions.
A piece of good literature.
Esther: Her character.
Haman, prime minister; his character.
Mordecai refuses obeisance.
Haman's anger and plot.
Esther's mediation besought.
Hesitation; final heroic decision.
Tact, peril, success.
The denouement.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Carlisle characteristically calls the Bible 'all men's book.' It may be called 'all women's book.' The noblest ideals of womanly character are irradiated and exemplified in the Scriptures. It has done more to elevate woman than any book. There is no abuse of woman it does not resist.

If the Bible is the temple of womanhood the Book of Esther is its holy of holies.

A king once asked a scholar what he thought the strongest evidence for the authenticity of the Bible. 'The Jews, your majesty,' was the laconic answer.

The feast of Purim is a strong collateral evidence of the genuineness and authenticity of the Book of Esther. If, two thousand years from the next Fourth of July, the day should be celebrated with rockets and crackers and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and it could be shown that the day had been so celebrated annually for that space of time, could the historic verity of the event or the integrity of that instrument called the Declaration be doubted? The evidence for the truth of the Book of Esther is not a whit less conclusive.

Esther undertook her delicate and hazardous task only after a season of devotion. She engaged in the penitential exercise of fasting. She secured the advantage of concert in this approach to God. The abstemious and praying company in the palace was matched by one in the city.

The name of Deity is not once mentioned in the Book of Esther. Yet no Scripture is a more perfect mirror of Providence.

Esther's greatest honor was not when she was crowned, but when she was called. As the queen of Xerxes she would have been forgotten. Her call to deliver her people made her immortal.

Timidity and indecision in times of peril increase danger. Resolution and courage reduced it to a minimum.

Mordecai's refusal to do obeisance to Haman can not be justified on account of racial prejudice, or even the recognition of the unworthiness of the man. On such ground his action would be represensible as bringing unnecessary ruin. His motive was religious. (iii, 4.) The posture required was such as a Jew could only take before Deity.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 5.—Am I keeping my Christian Endeavor covenant? Mal. ii, 5, 6; Ps. li, 6; II. Cor. viii, 21. (Consecration meeting.)

AM I KEEPING MY COVENANT?

The principal of the contract is common and familiar. It underlies domestic, civic, and commercial life. It inheres in the commonest daily acts. The bit of cardboard you call your ticket is really a contract. So is the telegram blank and the express company receipt. Organized society can scarcely be conceived of without forms of contract. There is a spiritual analogy to this. Lift the principle to the plane of religion, and you call it a covenant, but it is essentially the same thing. The Deity and man can come to terms of agreement. Faith can be plighted each to the other. The Bible is largely a history of the Divine covenant, in which the condescension and steadfastness of God are illustrated. If one has entered into personal covenant relations with the Deity it is a most sacred thing, to be guarded with scrupulous care and all the conditions met with fidelity.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A WEAK STRONG MAN.

Monday, October 30.—His birth foretold. Judg. xiii, 2-23.
Tuesday, October 31.—God's Spirit with him. Judg. xiii, 24, 25.
Wednesday, November 1.—Samson and the lion. Judg. xiv, 5-9.
Thursday, November 2.—Samson's riddle. Judg. xiv, 10-19.
Friday, November 3.—Samson's strength. Judg. xv, 1-17.
Saturday, November 4.—Samson's weakness. Judg. xvi, 4-20.
Sunday, November 5.—Topic—A story of a strong man who was weak. Judg. xiii, 24; xvi, 16-20.

'Only.'

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me,' Matthew xxv., 40.

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said;
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard;
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle and deep;
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook;
And he went alone to weep!

Only one cry from the sinner,
Bitterly earnest and wild;
'Help, Lord! I die!'
Rose in agony;
And the Saviour saved His child.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done;
'Surely 'twas naught'
(So the proud world thought),
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
Still seed was sown
In that hour alone,
Which would bring forth fruit for heaven!

'Only'—but Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love He loves to crown.

—Waif.

Let the Bible go Through You

A friend remarked that a member of his church, with an air of pride, came to him, and said, 'I have been through the Bible five times this year.'

His pastor looked at him a little while, and then queried: 'How often has the Bible been through you?'

He reads and hears God's Word well who seeks to realize it in his life. More knowledge of God's Word will be gained by a single effort to live one of its commands than by a year of reading with no effort to keep the Word of God. Trusting a promise will enable one to know its sweetness far better than to commit it to memory.—The Ausburg 'Teacher.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Song of the Wine Cup.

(Andrew H. Smith, M.D.)

Oh, yes, I am fair, and my sparkling wave
Is quaffed by the young and the gifted and brave,
And I gladden the hearts of the gloomy and grave:
With my gushing and joyous tide,
Men seek me in youth in the heyday of life,
And seek me in manhood to arm for its strife,
For each bubble with daring and strength is rife,
But list what I give beside!

My rosy brim to your lips you'll bear
And quaff with a glee that will mock at care.
And you'll dream for a while there is naught so fair
As the blushing and merry bowl:
But the dancing tide that your veins shall fill
Shall leap with a hotter and wilder thrill,
And deeper, and deeper, and deeper still,
Shall burn in your very soul.

And your brain I will madden, and spectres fill
Your fancy shall borrow from depths of Hell,
And you'll tremble and groan at their fiendish yell
As it rings in your throbbing ears;
And red-hot serpents their folds shall wreathe
Through your tortured brain that shall hiss and seethe,
And dread shall convulse till you, scarce can breathe
For the weight of your choking fears—

And soon I will laugh at my triumph won,
When your howling soul from its foul clay wrung
By my ruthless grasp to the depths is flung
Of a yawning and waiting Hell,
And when it shall part with a demon shriek
That'll curdle each heart's blood and blanche each cheek,
When a voice to me from the Pit shall speak,
'Aha, thou hast served me well.'

—Andrew H. Smith, M.D., in the 'National Advocate.'

'My Father was a Drunkard.'

William Blaikie, writing in 'The Pilgrim Teacher,' tells how a great-great-grandson of Franklin, when only a lad, had the insight to see that liquor was nothing but an enemy, and of no sort of help to a man.

Brilliant, gifted beyond his fellows, familiar with many other forms of dissipation, and making no secret of it, even enslaved by them, he once told Mr. Blaikie that he never drank a drop of liquor. He asked why.

The answer was short, but a volume. 'My father was a drunkard.'

That was all. And it was enough. No scruples, moral or other, held him back. But he had the terrible object-lesson, which could not fail to make a profound impression upon the mind of a bright boy, that the liquor-habit in a house means, almost certainly, the destruction of that house. That 'the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty' is as true to-day as when it was spoken three thousand years ago.

National Cost of Drinking: a Striking Indictment.

The 'Local Government Journal,' of January 14, contains the following serious indictment which was boldly copied into a liquor trade journal last week:—'Slowly the nation is beginning to realise that the Trade which provides the country with £34,000,000 a year by way of revenue is costing the local ratepayer almost as many millions in rectifying the disastrous results of that Trade or maintaining its social wreckage. It is not merely in workhouses and asylums that the results of the drink curse are seen. They can be found in every prison in enormous proportions; they are self-evident in imbecile asylums; they are overwhelmingly apparent in the ranks of the unemployable. They are largely responsible for the mass of suffering humanity found in our hospitals; they, in company with the results of vice—a first cousin to drink—are responsible for much filthy disease and death of young children; they mean murder of thousands of young children every year by overlaying; they bring in their train filthy habits, dirty homes, suicide, and murder, and they entail the employment of an army of judges, magistrates, police, and officers, the cost of which is well-nigh incalculable. We desire to point out that so long as drink is responsible for half the crimes, three-fourths of the pauperism, and at least a quarter of the lunacy of this country, 'it is the business of the ratepayer, and of the guardians of the ratepayers' purse, to do all that is humanly possible to strike at the root of the evil, the burden of which is increasing every year and promising to crush the sober ratepayer in his enforced task of supporting his drunken brother.' If this evil does not demand redress, we do not know one that does! And until it is redressed all the proposals dealing with various phases of pauperism are like so much beating of the air.—'Alliance News.'

Alcohol and the Nerves.

(The Rev. Geo. W. James, in 'Union Signal.')

'Telegraph wires all over me!' exclaimed John in response to something I had said. 'I'll never believe it.'

'Indeed! But hadn't you better wait awhile before you say that. Shut your eyes.'

'Now, how did you shut them? You don't know, do you? Let me tell you. When I spoke, the air was sent in motion, and began to make waves, one striking against another, as the waves of the sea do. These waves enter your ear, where a little tiny drum is stretched to receive them, and this drum was made to vibrate. The waves from the drum are in turn taken through a perfect maze of telegraph wires into the brain, and the brain being the head telegraph office, at once knows my wish, which is, "Shut John's eyes!" The chief clerk in the office then sends a message to both of your eyelids, saying, "Go down!" and in an instant they obey.

'But let me see if there are any other telegraph wires in our body besides these.'

John shuts his eyes, and I touch first his nose, then his little finger, then his leg, and finally his hair; and each time he says he can feel my touches.

'Of course you can feel them, for all over your body these little telegraph wires are to be found, and they send up in a flash the message to the head office, the brain, saying, "Something has touched me on the nose, finger, leg, and hair."'

These simple experiments fully convince John that he is filled with telegraph wires. Edith and William are also deeply interested, and watch the proceedings as closely as John.

'Now, Edith, I wish to ask you a question. Suppose I were to go out and cut a telegraph wire in two, could a message be sent over it?'

'Of course not,' is her immediate reply.

'Suppose it were covered up with snow or twisted round a tree, could a message then go through it?'

She hesitates for a moment before she replies. 'Perhaps it would, and perhaps it wouldn't.'

'Well, it might go through, but most probably it wouldn't. Now, did you ever see a man who couldn't use his arm or leg, and yet to look at it there would be nothing at all to be seen that would indicate disease?'

'Yes, I know a man, Mr. C——, whose left arm is paralyzed so that he can scarcely use it at all.'

'Paralyzed!' I exclaimed. 'What does that mean?'

'Why,' replies thoughtful William, paralysis is simply the stoppage of those telegraph wires you are speaking of!'

'You're right, Will. But what is the name we give to these wires?'

'Nerves!' he quietly explains, while John and Edith look in wonderment at my allowing him to suggest such a thing.

But so it is.

'Now, when a man suffers from paralysis, we say that he is afflicted with a most painful disease; and yet there are men who wilfully paralyze themselves—men who do it purposely.'

'Dear me!' cries Edith, 'how foolish they must be.'

'I think so, too. But let me hasten and explain how they do it. You remember my telling you about that peculiar water-looking liquid called alcohol?

'Well, that alcohol is mixed with water, sugar, and a few other things in drinks that are called beer, wine, or spirits.

'Now, when men take these drinks into the stomach, the alcohol that is in them paralyzes the nerves somewhat in the same manner as that man was paralyzed to whom Edith just now referred You have only to see a man who has taken a quantity of such liquor to be convinced of what I have said. Go to him and ask him if he can walk straight, and then to test him, draw a straight chalk mark twenty yards long, and ask him to walk upon it. He may try, but he will assuredly fail. Now, place silver dollars at every ten paces, and tell him he may have them if he will walk upon the mark, and even then, although he is anxious to walk straight, he will stagger and leave the line.

'Now, what is the reason of this? There is but one answer, and that is given by the leading scientists of the world. "Alcohol has paralyzed his nerves."

'Try again and see if any other nerves are attacked besides those of the legs. Ask him to write his name, and even then, though he can ordinarily write like a Scribner or a Gaskell, his writing will now look as if he had dipped a fly in the ink and sent it walking across the paper. His nerves in the fingers and arm are paralyzed by the alcohol.

'Try once more. Ask him to say, "This is a truly rural retreat," and in nine cases out of ten he will bring out, "This is a tooral ooral treat."'

'The nerves of the tongue are paralyzed.

'And so might I give you many other similar illustrations of the way in which alcohol paralyzes the telegraph wires or nerves of the body. I trust not one of my readers ever wishes to thus injure his body. My advice, therefore, is, "Don't drink any liquid that contains alcohol."'

What a State Senator Said.

A millionnaire brewer, a State Senator, said to Mrs. Hunt, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union: 'I shall vote for your bill providing for instruction in public schools of the physiological effects of alcohol. I have sold out my brewery and I am clean from the whole business. Let me tell you what occurred at my table. A guest was taken dangerously ill at dinner and there was a call for brandy to restore him. My little boy at once exclaimed, "No, that is just what he doesn't need! It will paralyze the nerves and muscles of the blood vessels so they will not send back the blood to the heart!" When the liquor was poured out to give the man the lad insisted on pushing it back. "You will kill him; he has too much blood in his head already." "How do you know all that?" I asked. "Why, it is in my physiology at school." It seems the text-books, prepared by such men as Prof. Newell Martin, F.R.S., of Johns Hopkins University, have succeeded in giving the lad some definite information which has proved useful.' 'Senator,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'are you sorry your boy learned that at school?' 'Madam,' the man replied, raising his hand, 'I would not take $5,000 for the assurance it gives me that my boy will never be a drunkard.'—'National Advocate.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

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Correspondence

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Stork.' Willie Sharpe (13), T., Ont.
2. 'Windmill.' Clifford D. Gallagher, P., Ont.
3. 'Two birds.' Harold Montgomery (9), N. R.C., Ont.
4. 'The School Clock.' Bessie M. Witlet (8), S. M., Ont.
5. 'The Wolf at Granny's Door.' Lillian L. Howlett (13), L. M.
6. 'My bicycle.' M. L. L (12), L., Ont.
7. 'Bunny.' Willie Nicholson (14), U., M. R., C.B.
8. 'Our House.' Elsie Muttart (11), B., P. E. I.
9. 'The Young Student.' Nina J. Grey (14), A., P. E. I.
10. 'The Coffee-pot.' Emmie Sharpe, T., Ont.
11. 'House with Flag.' S. Elsie Paul, A., Ont.

E., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have started several times to write a letter to the 'Messenger,' but have not succeeded in getting it off. It is not very long since I came to the West, but I like it far better than the East. The West has a great future before it. This is a nice city, situated on the bank of the Saskatchewan River, which gives it a beautiful view. In one paper I saw that Pearl R. Long asks the question, what is the longest verse in the Bible? I found it to be Esther viii, 9. I should like to ask if any of the 'Messenger' readers could answer this question: 'What two chapters in the Bible are alike?'

MABEL M. PATCHELL.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the letters that other boys and girls write, so I thought I would write one. The answer to the picture puzzle which Harry W. Peck sent for the 'Messenger' is Londonderry, a city in the British Isles. I am in the fourth book at school, and am thirteen years old.

CLARA COBER.

Rideau View.

Dear Editor,—Thanks very much 'Amicus' for your kind information about those books, I was very much pleased to get it.

I am a lover of all kinds of flowers. I have in my garden white asters, balsams, zinnia, phlox, sweet peas and a few others.

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

B., Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—Since I saw my puzzle in print I will write you again. There is going to be a concert in our Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening. Miss E. P. J. and Mr. Walter McR. are going to recite. The admission for children is 25c., and for adults 50c. The entertainment is to get money to buy pews for the church. We had Children's Day service to-day, there were two addresses. Mr. McM, our pastor, gave an address on the 'Light of the World,' and a man named Mr. C. gave an address on the Bible. It is very windy out to-night.

HARRY W. PECK.

C. C., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I get the 'Messenger' sent to me, and I like it very much. We have not finished our harvesting yet, and will not for some time. We are stacking all our grain (Oct. 2nd). I go to school every day. I have not missed a day for a long time. It is so nice when one can go every day. I am in the seventh grade at school, and take up high studies.

ETHEL R.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Since I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I think I will tell you what I think of the 'Messenger.' The only page I read is the correspondence. I like to look at the pictures. I have two brothers and one sister dead, and one alive. For pets I have a kitten. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and am in the second book. As I am very fond of reading I will tell you some books I have read: 'The Watchers of the Camp-fire,' 'Black Beauty,' and 'Tom Brown.' The school is a mile and a half from us. There is an iron mine about a quarter of a mile from here. There is a telephone through E. My father works in the mine.

ROBBIE GORDON.

L. W., Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy 13 years of age. I go to school. I am in the seventh grade. It is a country school I go to. I have to walk about one-fourth of a mile to school. My papa is agent here at the station. The road is called the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. I am an operator myself. I like to telegraph. I copy messages and train orders. Next spring I am going to try and get an office. I will have to close.

O. ROSS TRAPP.

Montgomery, Sask.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' from our Grandmother. I am twelve years of age. My birthday is on the 11th of April. I wonder if any of the other girls' birthdays is on the same day as mine. I am about four feet five inches in height. I have dark hair, brown eyes, and weigh about ninety-four pounds. I go to school, and am in the fifth book. I am very fond of pets and animals. We have horses, cattle, pigs, hens, pigeons, and one dog and two cats and two kittens. The cows names are Sally, Lillie, Blossom, Marty, Matilda, Lady and Becky. I have two brothers and three sisters. I have a doll, but do not play with it much. I do not read very much, as I do not care for reading. I read the letters in the 'Messenger.' Gertie E. Long was asking in her letter if any one knew where the middle verse of the Bible was. It is the eighth verse of the 118th Psalm.

JANE G. POTTER.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I have one brother, he is seven years old. We go to the Public School every day. There are eight teachers in my school. My father works all night alone at the electric light power house. I go to the Baptist Sunday school, and I read a lot of letters in the 'Messenger.'

FLOSSIE SCRIVER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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A. B. C., McGarry, $1.00; Theo. Sears, and Grandmother, Woods Harbor, N.S., 75c.; Stephen W. R. Swan, Tweedside, 25c.; Clarence K. Swan, Tweedside, 25c.; Eva Chisholm, Eddystone, 10c.; total, $2.35.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Order for Order's Sake.

(Anstis B. Spencer, in the 'Congregationalist.')

'Order is heaven's first law.' But what is order? In what does its value consist? Is it something to be obtained by foot and rule? May it not as truly reign on a busy man's desk that seems the embodiment of disorder as on the parlor table with its even piles of ornamental bindings? Is order a virtue 'per se?' What is the object of order? 'Getting ready for company' in many families seems to consist in putting out of sight all evidences of the daily habits and occupations of its members. Given a room with a row of chairs around the wall; a centre table 'in order'; the only literature in evidence, a library behind glass doors, and I will defy any one unless he be blessed with phenomenal conversational powers to make a call in that room anything but stiff.

Given a room with an open book in one chair, a botany with flowers ready for analyzing in another, a spore print of a mushroom under a tumbler on the mantel, an inviting workbasket on the table, a cook-book open at 'fudge,' a bit of unfinished fancy work over a chair, a rug frame in one corner, a doll and a set of dishes on the floor, a bottle marked, 'Sure cure for rheumatism' on the stand; given these, and if conversation lags, the company must be phenomenally stupid.

It is certainly too heterodox to preach disorder—that is not the point, but have a better reason for putting a thing away than to keep it out of sight.

The subject of order suggests the allied one of preserving our 'things.' Shall we serve them, or shall they serve us? It would seem that the sole use of some things is to be kept bright, to be kept from being scratched, to be kept from being bent, to be kept from being warped, to be kept from being nicked. A friend once boasted that there wasn't a nick in a single piece of her grandmother's set of china. We do not like broken china; but what did that statement mean? It meant that this was not the home where the nephews and nieces loved to visit and feel at liberty to 'run in' any time. It is 'T' that should be kept from being bent and marred and scratched and warped. Remember ye cannot serve two masters; neither can you be both master and slave. Things were made for man, and not man for things.

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Family Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mincemeat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles all home-made,
Jars of grape juice, clear as wine.
Jars of honey superfine;
Would the only jars were these
Which occur in families!

—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

Cake Bread.

Six oz. flour, 1 dessertspoonful of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 egg, 1 oz. butter; mix with milk, using a knife. Bake in a small tin for 25 minutes.

Hasty Pudding.

Soak a round of bread in water for a few hours. Then drain all the water off. Mix 1 or 2 eggs with milk, pour over the bread, add half a cup of sugar, 1 oz. of butter, essence and nutmeg.

Fried Oysters and Bacon.

Open 1 dozen oysters and remove their beards; cut as many thin slices of bacon as there are oysters, trim them neatly, lay an oyster on each, roll them up and fasten with skewers. Fry each roll nicely and carefully. Have some pieces of buttered toast, place a roll on each, serve on a napkin, garnish with parsley and serve.

Apple Indian Pudding.—Take one quart boiling milk, stir into it one cup corn meal. Add to this one quart sliced sweet apples, one cup molasses or sugar, one teaspoon salt and two quarts milk. Pour into large pudding dish and bake slowly four hours. May be eaten hot or cold. When cold, a clear, amber colored jelly will be formed throughout the pudding.

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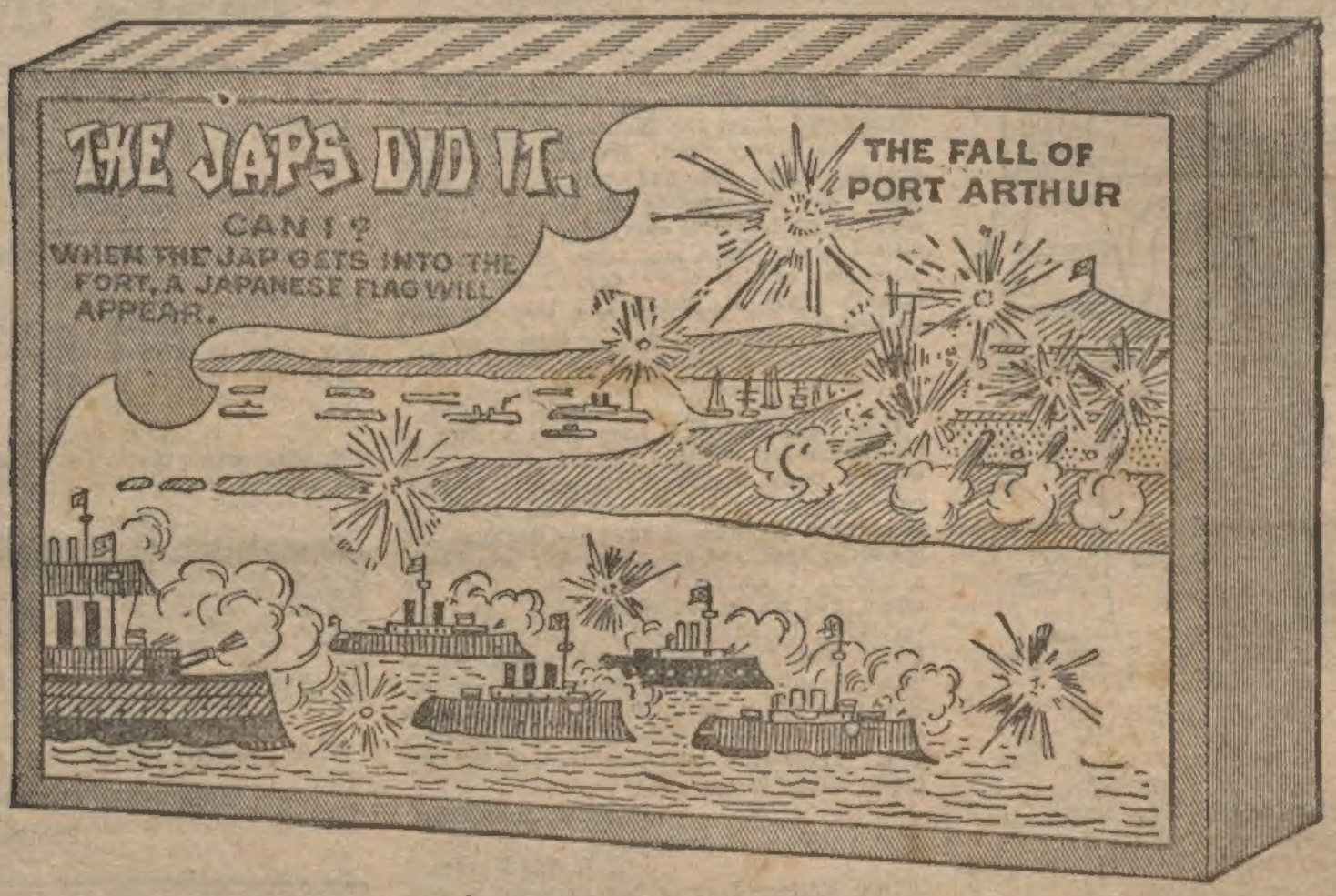

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